

RAB AND RINGAN:

A TALE.

AS DELIVERED IN THE PANTHEON
EDINBURGH.

(Recited in the Character of a Poor Peppar)

BY THE
AUTHOR OF WATTY AND MEG.

To which is added,
THE TWA CATS AND THE CHEESE:

A TALE.

DEMONSTRATING
THE GREAT FOLLY OF GOING TO LAW.

GLASGOW:
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[The following Tale was recited by the Author, at the Pantheon, in a Debate on the Question, "Whether is Diffidence, or the Allurements of Pleasure, the greatest BAR to Progress in Knowledge."]

RAB AND RINGAN:

A TALE.

INTRODUCTION.

HECH! but its awfu' like to rise up here,
Whar sic a fight o' learnt souks' pows appear!
Sae mony piercing een a' sxt on ane,
Is maist enough to freeze me to a stane!
But its *ae* mercy, mony thanks to fate,
Pedlars are *pur*, but unco seldom *llate*.

(Speaking to the President.)

This question, Sir, has been right weel disputet,
And meikle, weel-a-wat's been said about it:
Chield, that precisely to the point can speak,
And gallop o'er lang blauds of kittle Greek,
Hae sent trae iika side their sharp opinion,
And peel'd it up as ane wad peel an ingon.

[The question had been staken to an Ieth-failes before this Tale was recited, which was the last opinion given on the debate.]

I winna plague ye lang wi' my poor spale,
 But only crave your patience to a *Tale*:
 By which ye'll ken on whatna side I'm stinnin',
 As I perceive your *binmost minute's* rinnin'.

THE TALE.

Thare liv'd in Fife, an auld, stout, warldly chiel,
 Wha's stomach kend nae fare but *milk* and *meal*;
 A wife he had, I think they ca'd her *BELL*,
 And twa big sons, amangst as heigh's himsel'.
 RAB, was a *gleg, smart cock*, wi' *poulter* *paws*,
 RINGAN, a *slow, feart, basfa', simple bash*.

Baith to the Coliege gaed. At first, spruce RAB,
 At Greek and Latin, grew a very *dab*:
 He beat a' roun' about him, fair and clean,
 And ilk ane courted him to be their frien';
 Frae house to house they harl'd him to dinner,
 But curst poor RINGAN for a *hum-drum* sinner.

RAB taukit now in sic a lofty strain,
 As tho' braid Scotland had been a' his ain,
 He ca'd the *Kirk* the *Church*, the *Tirth* the *Globe*,
 And chang'd his name forsooth, frae *Ril* to *Bob*.
 Whare'er ye met him, flourishing his rung,
 The hale discourse was murder'd wi' his tongue.
 On friends and faes wi' impudence he set,
 And ramm'd his nose in ev'ry thing he met.

The College now, to RAB grew douf and dull,
 He scorn'd wi' books to stupify his skull;
 But whirl'd to *Plays* and *Balls*, and sic like places,
 And roar'd awa at *Fairs* and *Kintra Races*:

Sent hame for siller frae his mither **BELL**,
 And caft a horse, and rade a race himsel' ;
 Drank night and day, and syne when mortal fu',
 Row'd on the floor, and snor'd like ony sow ;
 Lost a' his siller wi' some gambling sparks,
 And pawn'd for punch, his Bible and his sarks ;
 Till, driven at last to own he had enough,
Gaed hame a' rings, to baud his Father's pleugh.

Poor *lum-drum RINGAN*, play'd anither part,
 For **RINGAN** wanted neither wit nor art :
 Of mony a far-aff place he kend the gate ;
 Was deep, deep learn'd, but unco, unco *blate*.
 He kend how mony mile 'twas to the moon,
 Hew mony *raeke* wad lave the ocean toom ;
 Whare a' the swallows gaed in time o' shaw ;
 What gars the thunder roar, and tempest blaw ;
 Whare lumps o' siller grow aneath the grun ;
 How a' this yirth rows round about the sun ;
 In shert, on *books* fae meikle time he spent,
 Ye cou'dna' speak o' ought, but **RINGAN** kent.

Sae meikle *learning*, with fae little *pride*,
 Soon gain'd the love o' a' the kintra fide,
 And *Death*, at that time, happ'ning to nip aff
 The *Parisb Minister*—a poor dull ed'f.
RINGAN was fought—he cou'dna' say them nay,
 And there he's preaching at this very day.

MORAL.

Now, Mr. **PRESIDENT**, I think it's plain,
 That *youthfu' diffidence is certain gain*.
 Instead of blocking up the road to knowledge,
 It guides alike, in *Commerce* or at *College* :

Struggles, the bursts of passion to controul,
 Feeds all the finer feelings of the soul ;
 Defies the deep-laid stratagems of guile,
 And gives *even innocence a sweeter smile* ;
 Ennobles all the little worth we have,
 And shields our virtue even to the grave.

How vast the diff'rence then, between the twain !
 Since *Pleasure* ever is pursu'd by *Pain*.

Pleasure's a *Syren*, with inviting arms,
 Sweet is her voice, and pow'rful are her charms ;
 Lur'd by her call, we tread her flow'ry ground,
 Joy wings our steps, and *Music* warbles round ;
 Lull'd in her arms, we lose the flying hours,
 And lie embosom'd midst her blooming bow'rs,
 Till—arm'd with *death*, she *watches* our *undoing*,
 Stabs while she *sings*, and *triumphs* in our ruin.

END OF RAB AND RINGAN.

THE
TWA CATS *and the CHEESE;*
A TALE.

“ *Law is a draw-well unco deep,*
“ *Without a rim, founk out to keep,*
“ *Whan drunk—a donnart cbiel may dreep*
“ *Fu fleyly in,*
“ *But finds the gate baith stay and steep,*
“ *Ere out be win.*”

FERGUSON.

TWA Cats anes on a cheese did light,
To which baith had an equal right ;
But disputes, such as aft arise,
Fell out, in sharing of the prize.

Fair play, said ane, ye bite o'er thick,
Thae teeth of your's gang wond'rous quick ;
Let's part it, else, lang or the moon
Be chang'd—the kebuck will be done ;

But wha's to do't?—They're parties baith,
And ane may do the ither skaith.

With joint consent, awa they trudge,
And laid the cheeſe before a Judge :
A Monkey, wi' a *cantſtoch* face,
Clerk to a Justice o' the Peace ;
Whan he his maſter's chair had fill'd,
A Judge he seem'd, in justice ſkill'd ;
And umpire choſen for diſition,
Baith fware to ſtand by his decision.

Demure he looks—the cheeſe he pales—
Prees—fin's it guude—ca's for the ſcales ,
His knife whops throw't—in twa it fell ;
Syne puts each ha'f in either ſhell :
Solemnly fays—“ We'll weigh the caſe,
“ And firſtſt juſtice ſhall have place.”

Then, lifting up the ſcales, he fand
The tane hang up the ither ſtand ;
Syne out he took the heaviest ha'f,
And ate a knoſt o't quickly aff,
And try'd it fyne,—it now prov'd light,
“ *Friend Cats,*” ſaid he, “ *we'll do you right.*”

Then to the ither ha'f he fell,
And laid till't teughly tooth and nail,
Till, weigh'd again, it lightest prov'd.
The Judge, wha this ſweet proceſs lov'd,
Still weigh'd the caſe, and ſtill ate on,
Till eldens baith were weary grown :
And tenting how the matter went,
Cried, “ *Come, come, Sir, we're baith content.*”

“ Ye fools,” quoth he, “ but justice too
 “ *Maun be content, as well as you.*”

Thus grumbled they, thus he went on,
 Till *baith the halves* were near han’ done.
Poor Pousies now the daffin’ faw,
 Of gawn for *nignyes* to the law ;
 And begg’d the Judge, that he wad please
 To give them the remaining cheese :
 To this his Worship grave reply’d,
 “ *The dues of Court maun first be paid,*
 “ And justice pleas’d :—What’s to the fore
 “ Will scrimply do to clear your score.
 “ That’s our decree—Gae hame and sleep,
 “ *And thank us ye’ve win aff sae cheap.*”

MORAL.

“ Then, tho’ at odds wi’ a’ the warl’,
 “ Amang ousels we’ll never quarrel,
 “ Tho’ discord gie a cankar’d snarl
 “ To spoil our glee,
 “ As lang’s there’s *pith* into the barrel,
 “ *We’ll drink and gree.*”

F I N I S.

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gree."